Didſt thou not marke my face? was it not white?
Saweſt thou not ſignes of feare lurke in mine eyes?
Grew I not faint? and fell I not downe right?
Within my boſome whereon thou doeſt lye,
My boding heart, pants, beats, and takes no reſt,
But like an earthquake ſhakes thee on my breſt.

For where loue raignes, diſturbing iealouſie,
Doth call himſelfe affections centinell,
Giues falſe alarmes, ſuggeſteth mutinie,
And in a peacefull houre doth crie, kill, kill,
Diſtempring gentle loue in his deſire,
As aire, and water do abate the fire.

This ſoure informer, this bate-breeding ſpie,
This canker that eates vp loues tender ſpring,
This carrie tale, diſſentious iealouſie,
That ſomtimes true news, ſomtime falſe doth bring
Knocks at my heart, and whiſpers in mine eare,
That if I loue thee, I thy death ſhould feare.

And more then ſo, preſenteth to mine eye,
The picture of an angrie chafing boare,
Vnder whoſe ſharpe fangs, on his backe doth lye,
An image like thy ſelfe, all ſtaind with goare,
Whoſe bloud vpon the freſh flowres being ſhed,
Doth make thé droop with grief, & hang the hed.

What

What ſhould I do, ſeeing thee ſo indeed,
That trembling at th'imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And feare doth teach it diuination;
I prophecie thy death, my liuing ſorrow,
If thou incounter with the boare to morrow.

But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me,
Vncouple at the timerous flying hare,
Or at the foxe which liues by ſubtiltie,
Or at the Roe which no incounter dare:
Purſue theſe fearful creatures o'ře the downes,
And on thy wel breathd horſe keep with thy houds.

And when thou haſt on foot the purblind hare,
Marke the poore wretch to ouer-ſhut his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care,
He crankes and croſſes with a thouſand doubles,
The many muſits through the which he goes,
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

Sometime he runnes among a flocke of ſheepe,
To make the cunning hounds miſtake their ſmell,
And ſometime where earth-deluing conies keepe,
To ſtop the lowd purſuers in their yell:
And ſometime ſorteth with a heard of deare,
Danger deuiſeth ſhifts, wit waites on feare.